

## A LIVING DEATH.

**Expecting Death Every Moment.**  
From the New York Morning Journal.

the great cathedral of London. If you have, you doubtless know the dome. You have looked down, perhaps, from its dizzy height on the people walking on the pavement below.

When I was comparatively a young man—I am not an old man even yet, though my hair is no gray—I went to London, and one of the first objects that I visited was St. Paul's. I had read of it so often as a child; had been told so often that it was Wren's masterpiece; every Englishman assured me that it had no rival, except, perhaps, St. Peter's at Rome; and even of that there was a doubt, that I was eager to see it. Accordingly, taking an omnibus at Charing Cross, I went along the Strand, passing by the Memorial Temple Bar, until a large dome, looming into the heavens before me, told me that the object of my pilgrimage

At first I confess I was disappointed. On a nearer approach I found that the western facade of the dome almost entirely hid the latter part, too, of the tower which rises from its warm color. The aspect chilled me. I did not remain long, in consequence, in the auditorium, and returned to my quarters. I did not care to linger and read the epigrams which were scattered about here, as at once ascended the stairs until I reached the great clock, and there, attracted by the immense wheels that make the heavy hands around the clock face, I took my stand.

Just below the center of the great dial plate, and at the right of the pivot upon which the hands revolve, there is a small square window or square, possibly somewhat more, and this hole is usually left open, to admit of repairs to the mechanism. A strange association took possession of me. A strange association took possession of me. A strange association took possession of me. More than two hundred feet above the street, to get a panoramic view of bustling London before it passed under my head, therefore, through the hole, without further ado, I stepped out. My tactle rewarded me! For miles and miles in every direction the city and the country about me lay spread out like a map. I saw the Thames in the rays of the sun; I saw the sea like a silver thread; I saw the many bridges; piles on piles of edifices. I looked down upon the narrow paths whose white carriage-roads seemed like narrow pavements. I saw all the scenes around me that I took no note of time; all my attention was engrossed by the

Nearly an hour, and passed unheeded, since I took my position, and as one object of interest after another met my gaze I was still unsatisfied. At length something pressed upon my mind, and I turned back to look at the cause, and my hands being on the inside of the coffin I could not raise them: to clear away any obstruction.

Then, the horrible truth, burst on me all at once. Judge of my surprise and agony when I thought for the first time of the inevitable passage of the ponderous hands! Slowly and steadily, but firmly, the great minute-hand moved on, and I saw the hands of the clock-plate; and it was that which was pressing against my neck.

I felt its cold edge, but it was too late to extricate myself. I tried to turn my head, but I shouted aloud for help. But my feeble voice could not reach the street below, and a moment's reflection showed me that, even if it did, I must wait longer than three minutes to reach the street. As the seconds passed, and three minutes had become six, my head would doubtless fall among the people on the sidewalk.

Oh dreadful moments! The great hand pressed more heavily every second. With every tick of the mighty pendulum I counted off another moment of my fast-lessening life. As I rested on the floor, the lower edge of the hole, I had the greatest difficulty in breathing. Heavy drops of moisture oozed from my head at every pore. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets. I could not see. I thought of the Spanish home of my mother, of my early days, I thought long ago occurring and forgotten, thronged to my mind. In that space of time I seemed to have lived a lifetime. I thought of the Spanish garrote, as the executioner, having fastened the strap around the neck, begins to turn the screw behind; slowly at first, but surely, then suddenly, the life hangs falls at a time, and refuses longer to hold its place. Ask that victim how many years he is living over again as he is tread screw is turning?

I closed my eyes, uttered a feeble prayer, and certain to die.

But I live to tell the tale! Yes, at the last moment, when life was barely assured, and death was imminent, the sexton, coming to oil the pendulum, saw me lying there, saw my mouth and with ready presence of mind stopped the pendulum.

But only just in time. Then, with a lever attached to the cogs of the great wheel, he cried out, the time is up, and I was free.

I lived, but was thoroughly exhausted. My nerves were unstrung. A brain fever followed, and death seemed becoming me away. But I lived. I was taken to the hospital, and after four weeks' confinement at the man I rose once again a well man.

But my hair, from a dark brown, had become white. I was old. I was this, I can never forget the clock of St. Paul.

**A SENSITIVE MONKEY**  
Driven Crazy by Seeing Himself in a Looking-Glass.

From the Chicago News.

In the monkey's cage at one of the public resorts in this city is a very large and somewhat aged prehensile monkey. Owing to his age he has somewhat of a grumpy disposition, and the younger monkeys are wont to prance about and put up antics, he often retires into a corner to mope and ponder over some abstract problem in monkey philosophy. Some time ago he contracted a severe cold, and his eyes, which have sadly disfigured his countenance. As it caused him little or no pain he paid little attention to it. The younger monkeys in the cage have eyed him with some interest, and have been inquisitive of the cause of their jibes. For the last few days there have been several broken bits of looking-glass in the cage, with which the younger monkeys have been playing.

The old monkey at last, with his curiosity aroused, and he slipped down, took a piece of the glass away from a smaller monkey and

Then climbed on to a perch in order to investigate with becoming dignity. First he critically examined the back of the glass with a very knowing look on his disfigured face. Then he turned it over. The moment he saw the reflection of his own countenance he came near falling backward from the perch, while an expression of horror overspread

his face. For a moment he was stunned. Then he pulled his chin whiskers meditatively, and finally screwed up enough courage to look in the glass again. It confirmed all his worst suspicions. With a howl he threw the glass from him and went raving

about the cage. All the little monkeys were horror-stricken, and kept out of the old man's way. After a while he got another piece of glass, inspected his disfigured countenance, and vainly tried to rub away the white spots. Failing in this, he gave up in despair, and again took to weeping. He has refused to eat

since he made the discovery, and will allow no one to look him in the face. His heart seems broken.

---

**Four People Drowned.**  
—**LONDON, January 2.**—The British steamer

Dr. Goman, from Savannah, December 12, for Liverpool, collided with, and sank an unknown vessel, at Bardsey. Four people were drowned.



























